



# THE OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY **RALPH SHIRLEY**

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**LONDON: WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, LTD.  
CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.**

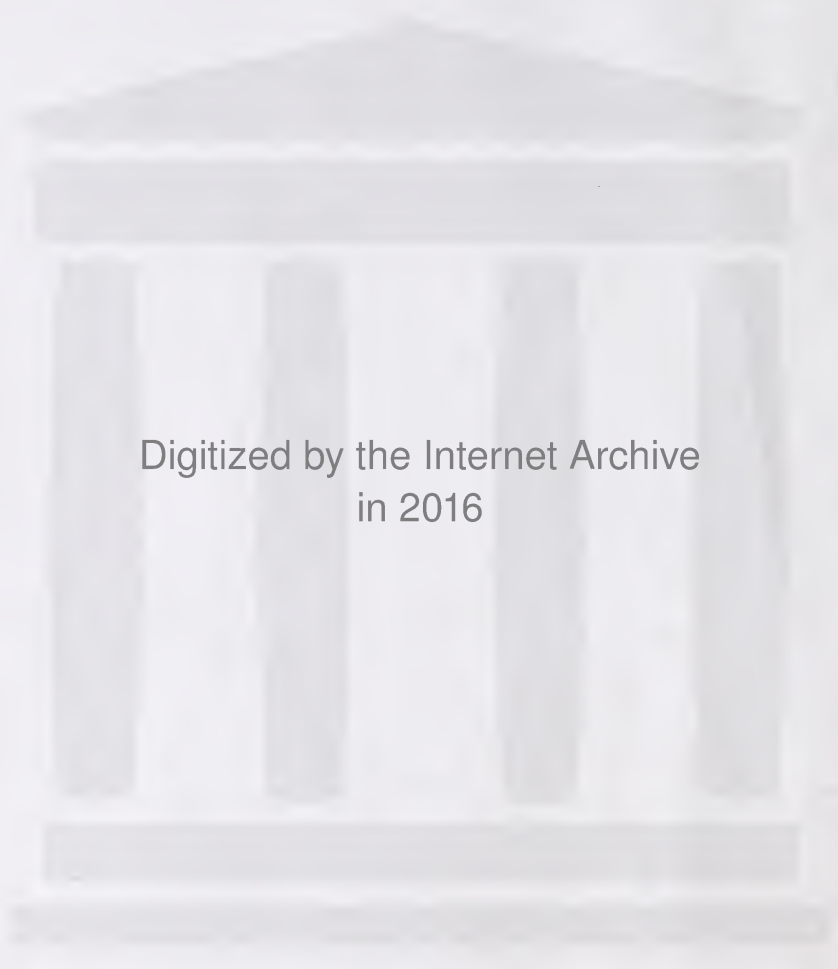
UNITED STATES: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 85 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK;

NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, BOSTON; WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, CHICAGO.

AUSTRALASIA AND SOUTH AFRICA: GORDON AND GOTCH.

CAPE TOWN: DAWSON AND SONS, LTD.

INDIA: A. H. WHEELER & CO., AND "THEOSOPHIST" OFFICE, ADYAR, MADRAS.



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# OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

*"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"*

Price NINEPENCE NET; post free, TENPENCE. Annual Subscription, NINE SHILLINGS (Two Dollars twenty-five Cents).

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macey Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Inc.*, 1731 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; The *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the *Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

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VOL. XXIX.

JANUARY 1919

No. 1

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT would be interesting to know what part clairvoyants and mediums have had in the shaping of history. There is, of course, the celebrated case of Joan of Arc, and many rulers of nations have undoubtedly had recourse to psychic assistance. There are many strange stories with regard to the great Napoleon, but these mainly centre round the Red Man of the Tuileries, whoever this mysterious being may have been, and also Napoleon's own visions of the star that led him to victory and eventually to

disaster. William, the first German Emperor, grandfather of the notorious criminal whose name is now on all men's lips, is narrated to have had his fortune told by a clairvoyante when first he became King of Prussia. The clairvoyante, who recognized him through his disguise, is recorded to have said, "I see you are promised great age, and great victories. Your Majesty is destined to live to ninety-six years, but your last years will be full of sorrows." As a matter of fact the Emperor did not quite reach ninety-one. Catharine de' Medici dabbled in sorcery and all forms of occultism, and is herself narrated to have possessed psychic powers. Nos-



tradamus played his part at the French Court, and like Dr. Dee in the case of Queen Elizabeth, was on familiar terms with royalty. But we do not know that either of them had any real hand in the making of history.

The claim to have influenced the course of historical events is in later times very definitely made on behalf of Miss Nettie Colburn, afterwards Mrs. Maynard, who at any rate was consulted on a number of different occasions by Abraham Lincoln during the period of his presidency, and also by his wife.\* Mrs. Maynard

ABRAHAM  
LINCOLN  
AND NETTIE  
COLBURN. was a trance medium, and her communications, from whomsoever they purported to come, were not consciously given by herself, and she consequently cannot be regarded as a first-hand authority for what was said on these occasions. Sometimes

friends of her own were present, who narrated her statements to her afterwards, but on numerous occasions she went into trance at the White House, without there being any one person who was prepared to repeat to her the substance of what she said under control. It appears, however, that in more than one important instance Lincoln acted on the advice she gave, and acted with such promptitude that she may well have considered her communication the inspiration of the President's action, and it seems clear that the President's own foreboding to which he so frequently alluded, of a violent death as soon as victory had been achieved, was due directly to clairvoyant warnings.

Psychic experiences dogged Miss Colburn's footsteps from the earliest period of her life, though how far her own presence was responsible for some of the incidents of this character is matter for conjecture. On one occasion, in the winter of 1845, in the town of Bolton, Conn., when she was still a mere child, the family, as she narrates, were sitting around a large, old-fashioned kitchen table, when they were startled by what appeared to be the noise of a heavy log falling down the stairway, against the door of the room in which they were sitting. "The noise [says Miss Colburn] was so great as to suggest that the door would be shattered by the weight flung against it." All the family rose in consternation, but before any one had time to speak the sound was again repeated, shaking the entire room. Her mother thereupon advanced towards the door, but before she had time to reach it a third crash echoed through the kitchen. Mrs. Colburn, nothing daunted, threw open the door, but there was not a sound to be heard, nor any

\* *Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?* By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. I am told the book is now out of print.—ED.

sign of any object which could have created the disturbance.

Her father was absent on the occasion ; her sister, however, along with her mother, made a search through the entire building, but failed to find any intruder of any sort, or any evidence of the cause of

the noise. On their return to the kitchen the clock on the mantelpiece struck eight. Three days later, while the matter was still the subject of conversation, news was received of the death of Miss Colburn's grandfather, who passed away at Stafford Springs about eight o'clock the same evening. On another occasion, in the autumn of 1849, when Miss Colburn was lying ill of typhus fever, a clock which stood on the mantelpiece and had been out of repair for some time, suddenly struck one, to the amazement of the whole family. "The clock [says Miss Nettie Colburn] was of the old Bristol pattern with iron weights. It had not been wound for more than a year, and the cord which held the strike weight was broken. Father, more astonished than frightened, sprang to his feet, and opened the door of the clock, to find the wire still vibrating. In face of the presence of the long broken cord there was no method to account for the striking." On this occasion her grandfather (i.e., her mother's father) passed away, after informing his daughter that his own wife had been to see him twice and that he knew therefore that his end was at hand.

It certainly appears that a psychic vein ran in the family, and Nettie's parents were evidently by no means unsympathetic to the nascent powers of their daughter. Later on, when Miss Colburn was nearing womanhood, she was again brought in touch with psychic phenomena. The family were then living at Hartford, Conn. On one occasion, during the summer of that year, Mr. Colburn gave an account at dinner of some strange occurrences which he had witnessed at the ware-rooms of a certain firm of furniture dealers in that city. It appears that a young man of about thirty years of age—a certain Thomas Cook—in the employ of the firm, possessed a gift by which he could move the heaviest pieces of furniture about the building by simply placing his fingers upon them, and requesting them to follow him. The father declared that he had done this repeatedly during that very forenoon, and in particular that a heavy secretary which required four or five men to move it, would follow him across the floor if he merely placed the tips of his fingers upon it. He added that he proposed to arrange to get the young man in question to pass an evening at his house, so that his family

PSYCHIC  
PHENOMENA  
AT A  
FURNITURE  
DEALER'S.

might witness the phenomenon. He accordingly called in two days later. "We were all [says Miss Colburn] soon seated about the dining table, following his directions by placing our hands flat upon its surface. In a few moments the table began rocking to and fro and the united force of all present was unable to prevent its motions. On being instructed what to say, my father began questioning the table as if it possessed intelligence. The motion ceased, and a loud distinct rap was heard whose source we sought in vain, but to all questions it responded quickly and with a decided intelligence that denoted that it understood all that was spoken." The young man declared that the motions of the table were so powerful that there must be some one else in the party who possessed the gift as well as himself. A question with regard to this was put to the unseen intelligence, and elicited the reply that Nettie possessed it to a marked degree, and her mother and eldest brother to a lesser extent. The intelligence claimed to be that of Nettie's grandfather, and numerous names of deceased friends and relatives were spelt out, of whom the guest at least had no possible knowledge. Finally the table was turned bottom upwards, to the admiration of all present.

Shortly after this Nettie struck up a friendship with a young girl of her own age, who announced that she was a medium. They decided to sit together and make an experiment. Though they did this on several consecutive evenings, no manifestations occurred. Finally, growing weary of their unsuccessful attempts, they determined to give the matter one more trial, and if nothing happened on this occasion to discontinue. "This time, however [says Nettie], we had scarcely seated ourselves and placed our hands upon the table when three loud distinct raps sounded beneath our fingers. We sprang up in a fright, upsetting the chairs in our excitement, and rushed from the room. My mother, hearing the confusion, met us, and we explained. She thereupon persuaded us to go back and try again, she coming with us. At

EXPERI-  
MENTS IN  
TYPTOLOGY.

this moment my father entered the house, and feeling encouraged by his presence, we sat down, when the raps came readily, responding to any and all questions, stating definitely that I was the medium for this peculiar form of manifestation, and desiring that I should sit at regular intervals, as they wished to use me to make revelations to the world to demonstrate the truth of immortality." Nettie's father in especial was impressed, and indeed quite overcome by the experience, regarding it as an evidence of the reality of a future life. Nettie's peculiar powers soon began to be



talked about in the neighbourhood, and in particular a local man of note, Asa Rogers, took special notice of the young medium, offering indeed to adopt her into his family.

The next stage in the story of Nettie Colburn's mediumship came about when she was attending a séance at the home of her sister, Mrs. Walker. She was seated at the table with her sister and other guests when rappings began and her hand was moved to write a message for one of those present. As the pencil dropped from her fingers Governor Seymour, who was one of the guests, and who was standing behind her, laid his hand upon her head, and a moment later a dreamy feeling stole over her and a prickly sensation passed through her fingers and along her

NETTIE arms. This was the last thing she remembered  
DEVELOPS before finding herself an hour later in a different  
TRANSE- part of the room, seated on the sofa, with the whole  
MEDIUMSHIP. company gathered round her. She had, it appeared, in the meantime been entranced, and impersonated various people, who had passed over, giving messages in their name to members of the company present. From this time forward she was frequently entranced at such gatherings, and manifested all the usual phenomena of trance-control. On one of these occasions at her father's house a gentleman of the name of Welch was present. When under control she had delivered a lecture on some religious subject, and Mr. Welch suggested to her father that she should be allowed to deliver a public lecture under similar conditions. Her father with some reluctance consented, she herself declaring that she would only accept such an invitation if a girl friend of her own, a Miss Flavia Howe, of Windsor, Conn., who was also a medium, would accompany her and be present on the platform. Miss Howe was communicated with and consented, and the matter was accordingly arranged, she herself, her friend, and a Dr. Norton, of Hartford, Conn., a clairvoyant physician, being also present. Miss Colburn suffered considerably on the occasion from stage fright, it being her first appearance on the platform; but eventually fell into a trance, and astonished every one by the fluency of her delivery and her elocutionary powers. On coming to, she had no recollection of the lecture she had delivered, but was told she had chosen as the subject of her address the text, "Can any

A TRANCE good thing come out of Nazareth?" The text  
ADDRESS. was suggested by the critical remarks that had been made in the neighbourhood with regard to the lecturer's lack of all the necessary qualifications

for her task. Spiritualism at the time had made little headway in that part of the country, and trance addresses were an entirely new departure. After the lecture Miss Colburn received, however, many congratulations from those present, who were astonished at her fluency and knowledge of matters unfamiliar to any but learned scholars and authorities on theological problems.

Miss Colburn was lecturing at Albany, New York, in April, 1861, at the time that the war between North and South broke out. In these early days of the conflict it was anticipated that the duration of the war would be very short, and that the North would have little difficulty in suppressing the rebellion. The first battle of Bull Run, however, opened the eyes of the public to the fact that an easy victory was not to be anticipated. At the close of her evening lecture on the following Sunday Miss Colburn was asked by a gentleman in the audience: "How long will this conflict continue?" "Our spirit friends," said Miss Colburn, "made the reply that it would continue four years, and would require practically five to end it." The prediction, though subsequently verified, raised considerable scepticism among the audience, who thought it quite impossible that the war could last for so long a time.

A year after this incident took place, Miss Colburn, who was continuing her profession of lecturing, was summoned home to bid farewell to her father and brothers, all four of whom had enlisted, and were about to start for the front. It was decided that her mother should break up her home and return with Nettie to Albany, until her father's return, if he was fortunate in surviving the war. The last evening before her father and brothers left for the front was passed at the house of a friend where a final spiritualistic séance was held. "Our spirit friends," says Nettie, "gave us every encouragement, saying that they foresaw that all four would return in safety to their home. A spirit purporting to be a Dr. Bamford, whom my father had known in earlier years, controlled me and in his quaint 'down East' dialect assured my father that the next time he had the pleasure of talking with him it would be on Virginian soil. This surprising statement astonished all present, and none more than myself, when informed of his words; for I had no possible way of visiting the army or desire to do so. Nor had I any thought of such conditions as could bring about a meeting with my father in that distant State." The prediction, however, was subsequently fulfilled, on the occasion of Miss Colburn's visit to her brother at the front.



It was in the following November (1862) that Miss Colburn received two letters by the same mail—one from a Mr. Danskin, of Baltimore, Md., asking her to speak for his society during the following December, and the other from her youngest brother, who stated that he was invalided and at the hospital at Alexandria, and that unless he could obtain furlough and reach home and receive the necessary care, he was convinced that he would die, and that it was impossible to obtain this, except through the action of his friends. This letter decided Nettie to accept the engagement in Baltimore, where she would be near her brother. On arriving there she made inquiries regarding the

NETTIE  
GOES TO  
BALTIMORE  
IN SEARCH  
OF HER  
BROTHER.

presence of any spiritualists in Washington through whose help she thought she might be able to bring assistance to her brother. She was informed that a certain Thomas Gales Foster, who was an eminent spiritualist lecturer, had recently taken up a position as clerk in the War Department, and was then residing at Washington, in that capacity. She accordingly obtained an introduction to him and met with a very cordial welcome from the family, who induced her to stay at their house until the result of her efforts could be ascertained. Mr. Foster on his part introduced her to the Assistant Secretary for War, Mr. Tucker, who gave her an order for a pass to see her brother, and directed her where to obtain it. On presenting the order she was given the necessary permit, and taking the Alexandria boat she soon found herself at her destination. A conveyance took her to the camp where the officer in charge loaned her the use of his tent for the interview with her brother, whose condition of health she at once realized was very serious.

The next problem was to obtain a recommendation for a furlough. It was, it appeared, one thing to get a ticket for medical examination for this purpose, and quite another for your name to be called, where so many were asking for the same favour. Her brother received his ticket, but the matter went no further. Mr. Foster, however, came to her rescue with a valuable piece of advice that she should go once more and interview the Assistant Secretary for War. Mr. Tucker having

A FIGHT  
AGAINST  
"RED  
TAPE."

heard her case, issued an order as follows: "The Surgeon Commanding will give his immediate attention to the case of A. S. Colburn, 10th Connecticut Regiment. Per order Secretary of War." Armed with this, after some delay, she eventually obtained a recommendation for the desired furlough. The story

of how Miss Colburn finally secured the furlough for her brother after it had been at first refused, and how on the top of this she applied for a pass which was also refused on the score that the furlough was a special order of the War Department, should be read in the original book, by those who are interested in making the Red Tape of Government Departments a special subject for investigation. The present case involved a regular chapter of accidents, as in the end, after obtaining the furlough and pass, after infinite delay, the two were lost by Mr. Foster, who appears to have had his pockets picked in a crowd. The delay, however, led to an incident which proved the turning point in Miss Colburn's career. On returning to the Fosters, disheartened and disappointed, she lay down on the sofa, when a carriage stopped at the door. The caller was a Mr. Laurie, a friend of the Fosters, who inquired for her, and on having the situation explained to him said: "Get ready at once and come to my house with me, and I think we can remedy the loss of this furlough." Nettie dressed at once and was surprised to find a very elegant carriage waiting to receive them, while a footman in plain livery opened the door for them, when they were soon on their way to Georgetown, the residence of the Lauries.

"On my arrival [says Miss Colburn] I was astonished to be presented first to Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the President, then to Mr. Newton, Secretary of the Interior Department, and the Reverend John Pierpont, at that time one of the chief clerks in the Treasury Building." Mrs. Lincoln informed her that she had heard of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Miller, Mr. Laurie's daughter, and had called to witness the physical manifestations through her mediumship. She had also expressed a desire to see a trance medium, when they had told her of Miss Colburn, and expressed the fear that she was already on her way to Baltimore with her brother. Mrs. Lincoln had said at once: "Perhaps they have not yet gone. Suppose you take the carriage and ascertain." Mr. Laurie at once went, and found the young lady as above narrated. But for the loss of the furlough, the meeting would never have taken place. Mrs. Lincoln noticed Nettie's swollen eyes and inflamed cheeks, and inquired the cause. Mr. Laurie briefly explained, whereupon Mrs. Lincoln quickly reassured her, saying: "Don't worry any more about it. Your brother shall have another furlough if Mr. Lincoln has to give it himself." Thus encouraged, Nettie passed under control. "Some new and powerful influence," she says, "obtained possession of my organism, and addressed Mrs.

Lincoln, it seemed, with great clearness and force, upon matters of state. When I awoke there was a most earnest and excited group around me discussing what had been said, and Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed with great earnestness: 'This young lady must not leave Washington. I feel she must stay here, and Mr. Lincoln must hear what we have heard. It is all important.' " Miss Colburn explained that her livelihood depended upon her work as a spiritualist lecturer, but Mrs. Lincoln replied, "There are

A SÉANCE other things you can do. Surely young ladies  
WITH MRS. get excellent pay in the different departments,  
LINCOLN. and you can have a position in one of them, I am  
sure." This was accordingly arranged through

the intervention of Mr. Newton. The matter of the fresh furlough was adjusted with Mrs. Laurie's assistance, and with the renewed intervention of the Assistant Secretary of War. Her brother returned home in the company of her mother to Hartford, and Miss Colburn remained at Washington and was summoned on the following day to the White House in company with Mrs. Laurie, to see the President. Mrs. Lincoln was there in the Red Parlour, waiting to receive her, and shortly afterwards the President himself entered. This is how Miss Colburn narrates her first interview:—

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly presented. Then I was led forward and presented. Mr. Lincoln stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he said, in a humorous tone: "So this is our little Nettie,

MISS is it, that we have heard so much about?" I could only  
COLBURN smile and say, "Yes, sir," like any schoolgirl, when he  
MEETS THE kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair,  
PRESIDENT. the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions  
in a kindly way about my mediumship, and I think he  
must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little  
beyond a "Yes" or "No." His manner, however, was genial and kind,  
and it was then suggested that we should form a circle. Mr. Lincoln  
said: "Well, how do you do it?" looking at me. Mr. Laurie came to  
the rescue, and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and join  
hands; but he did not think it would be necessary in this instance. While  
he was till speaking, I lost all consciousness of my surroundings and passed  
under control.

Miss Colburn learned subsequently from her friends who were present something of the tenor of what was said through her mediumship. It appears that she addressed the President in masculine and authoritative tones, and after treating of various political matters of which they understood very little, proceeded to deal with the question of the Emancipation Proclamation.



The President was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue, and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year. He was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration, and his life, and that while he was being counselled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, he was in no wise to heed such counsel; but stand firm to his convictions and fearlessly perform the work for which he had been raised up by an overruling Providence.

I shall never forget [says Miss Colburn] the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, who was sitting back in his chair with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the situation, not remembering at once where I was. A gentleman present then said in a low tone: "Mr. President, did you notice any peculiarity in the method of address?" Mr. Lincoln raised himself as if shaking off a spell. He glanced quickly at the full length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung above the piano, and replied: "Yes, and it is very singular, *very*," with a marked emphasis. Mr. Somes said: "Mr. President, would it be improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the Proclamation?" To which the President replied, "Under these circumstances that question is perfectly proper. It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such pressure."

At this point the gentlemen drew around him and spoke together in low tones, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all. At last he turned to Miss Colburn and laying his hand upon her head observed: "My child, you possess a very singular gift, but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to-night. It is more important than perhaps any one present may understand. I must leave you now, but I hope I shall see you again." Such was Nettie Colburn's first interview with Abraham Lincoln, of which she observes in her autobiography: "The memory of it is as clear and vivid as on the evening on which it occurred."

During the following months Miss Colburn had a number of further interviews and séances either with Mrs. Lincoln or the President, or both. One which took place in February, 1863, deserves some special notice. Miss Colburn was still staying at the Laurie's when one morning a note was received from Mrs. Lincoln saying that she desired to come over to Georgetown and bring some friends to a séance that evening. Before Mrs. Lincoln's arrival in the early part of the evening, Nettie was controlled by her "familiar spirit," who declared that the "Long

Brave " (as she denominated the President) would also be there. Mr. Laurie was very dubious and considered it unlikely that President Lincoln would leave the White House to attend a spiritualistic séance anywhere else, and questioned if it would be policy for him to do so. When the bell rang, however, Mr. Laurie himself went to the door, and found Abraham Lincoln standing on the threshold, wrapped in his long cloak. It appeared that the President had just come down from a Cabinet meeting as Mrs. Lincoln and her friends were about to enter their carriage, and asked them where they were going. Mrs. Lincoln replied, "To Georgetown, to a circle." The President answered immediately, "Hold on a moment, I will come with you." Mrs. Lincoln herself said she was never so surprised in her life. The decision had been arrived at on the spur of the moment, and just as the carriage was starting. Miss Colburn observes, "I looked at the President's face and it appeared pale and haggard. He seemed older by years than when I had seen him a few weeks previously." On passing into a trance, she went under the control of "old Dr. Bamford," whose quaint dialect, old-fashioned methods of expression and frankness of utterance specially commended him to Lincoln. "As I learned afterwards from those in the circle," says Miss Colburn, "the substance of his remarks was as follows"—

That a very precarious state of things existed at the front, where General Hooker had just taken command. The army was totally demoralized; regiments stacking arms, refusing to obey orders or to do duty; threatening a general retreat; declaring their purpose to return to Washington. A vivid picture was drawn of the terrible state of affairs, greatly to the surprise of all present, save the chief to whom the words were addressed. When the picture had been painted in vivid colours, Mr.

Lincoln quietly remarked: "You seem to understand the A CRITICAL situation. Can you point out the remedy?" Dr. Bamford immediately replied: "Yes, if you have the courage to use it." He smiled, and answered, "Try me." The old doctor then said to him, "It is one of the simplest, and being so simple it may not appeal to you as being sufficient to cope with what threatens to prove a serious difficulty. The remedy lies with yourself. Go in person to the front; taking with you your wife and children; leaving behind your official dignity, and all manner of display. Resist the importunities of officials to accompany you, and take only such attendants as may be absolutely necessary; avoid the high grade officers, and seek the tents of the private soldiers. Inquire into their grievances; show yourself to be what you are, 'The Father of your People.' Make them feel that you are interested in their sufferings, and that you are not unmindful of the many trials which beset them in their march through the dismal swamps,

whereby both their courage and numbers have been depleted." He quietly remarked, "If that will do any good, that is easily done." The doctor instantly replied, "It will do all that is required. It will unite the soldiers as one man. It will unite them to you in bands of steel. And now, if you would prevent a serious, if not fatal, disaster to your cause, let the news be promulgated at once, and disseminated throughout the camp of the Army of the Potomac. Have it scattered broadcast that you are on the eve of visiting the front; that you are not talking of it, but that it is settled that you are going, and are now getting in readiness. This will stop insubordination and hold the soldiers in check, being something to divert their minds, and they will wait to see what your coming portends." He at once said, "It shall be done." A long conversation then followed between the doctor and Mr. Lincoln regarding the state of affairs, and the war generally. The old doctor told him "That he would be renominated and re-elected to the Presidency." He smiled sadly when this was told him, saying, "It is hardly an honour to be coveted, save one could find it his duty to accept it."

After the circle was over, Mr. Laurie asked the President whether it was possible that affairs were as bad as they had been depicted. Lincoln replied that they could hardly be exaggerated, but asked as a favour of all present that the matter should not be alluded to. During this séance Mrs. Miller, Mr. Laurie's daughter, gave an example of her powers in connection with the production of physical phenomena. She had been playing upon the piano (a three-corner grand), and under her influence it rose and fell, keeping time to her touch in a perfectly regular manner. After some further experiments had been made with the piano, President Lincoln observed with a quaint smile, "I think we can hold down that instrument." Having said this, he himself climbed on top of it, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, as did also Mr. Somes and two other gentlemen who were present. The piano, in spite of this added weight, continued to wobble about, until the sitters were glad to get on to *terra firma*. Mr. Somes observed: "When I have related to my acquaintances, Mr. President, that which I have experienced to-night, they will say, 'You were psychologized, and as a matter of fact you did not see what in reality you *did* see.'" Mr. Lincoln quietly replied, "You should bring any such person here, and when the piano seems to rise, have him slip his feet under the leg, and doubtless be convinced by the weight of evidence resting upon his understanding."

Perhaps it should be added that in these séances Miss Colburn declined absolutely to receive anything in the nature of payment,



so that she does not fall under the suspected category of paid mediums. Lincoln himself declined to express any definite opinion as to the source of her inspiration, but he was clearly influenced by it on more occasions than one, and acting on the advice given by Nettie's controls, saw no reason to regret it afterwards. Mrs. Lincoln appeared to be even more fully convinced of the genuineness of the communicants than the President himself, and it was mainly through her intervention that the séances were arranged.

The whole episode throws a curious sidelight not only on the character of President Lincoln, but on the influences that, all unknown to the public at the time, were moulding the political destinies of the United States during perhaps the greatest crisis in the country's history.\*

The discussion which has been going on in the Correspondence columns of this Magazine with regard to the morality of killing suggests certain observations. The poet has alluded to "Nature, red in tooth and claw," and there are times when this side of life and the impossibility of escaping from it tend to make us question the creed of the optimist who maintains with Browning that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Such doubts are indeed not only natural but inevitable. The view point of the pessimist is well illustrated by

THE  
MORALITY  
OF KILLING. the story of the little boy who asked his father: "Father, what is the use of worms?" The father was accustomed to his son's universal inquisitiveness, and promptly replied: "For birds to eat." This, as is usually the case with small children, only led to a further inquiry: "Father, what is the use of birds?" This, reflected the father, was an easy one, and he replied without hesitation: "For men to eat." But this in its turn led to another question, which was somewhat of a poser: "Father, what is the use of *men*?" Probably Tommy thought at this point that he had caught out his revered parent, but the parent was equal to the occasion, and replied once more, this time effectually giving the quietus to his son's interrogations: "For worms to eat!"

The man who stops to think inevitably asks himself, with Tennyson, "Is this the end? Is this the end?" and a reply

\* The above chronicle of President Lincoln's relations with Nettie Colburn is in the nature of a footnote to the *Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* written by the Editor, to which those who are interested in the story of the fight against slavery and for the maintenance of the Union are referred for further particulars of a more general character with regard to the President's career.

to the question which will harmonize with a belief in the benevolent ordering of the universe is not always readily forthcoming. Mr. Winans tells us we are justified in painless killing because the animals or the birds have got to be killed, and that there is more to be said from this point of view in favour of the sportsman than of the man who eats meat which has been killed by the butcher. The reply is doubtless that there is no justification

IF WE  
WERE ALL  
VEGETA-  
RIANS ?

for sport which takes pleasure in killing, even if there be justification for the killing itself. The vegetarian who condemns taking animal life in any form adopts the most logical position, but it is obvious that if all were vegetarians, the large proportion of the present population of the world would be left to starve. We may even ask ourselves whether such an attitude on the part of mankind generally would be of advantage to the animals. Surely they would inevitably prey upon one another, and in many cases—take, for instance, the case of the rabbits in Australia—man would be forced to kill them in self-defence, even if he did not eat them.

It is better in any case to recognize that this is not in any sense an ideal world, and the conditions of existence are not such as to render possible the ideal life except in few and exceptional cases. Perhaps if those who are incarnated on the present planet had reached a higher stage of evolution they would find themselves in conditions more suited to that stage of development to which they had attained. As a noted occultist once observed : "The fact that we are born into this world is alone sufficient proof of our folly." The conclusion seems to be that we should not refuse to work for the highest attainable within the inevitable limitations, in spite of the fact that this highest may fall far short of our ideals. There is an unmistakeable moral in the story of the quest of the Holy Grail by the Knights of King Arthur's Table, which the poet was careful to emphasize. These knights (with one exception only) sacrificed their appointed work on earth, which in consequence fell into ruins, in pursuit of what proved in practice to be a will-o'-the-wisp, so far was it beyond the possibility of attainment by their most strenuous efforts. They had set their ambitions too high, and met with the inevitable disappointment and disillusionment of which they had been warned beforehand. One of the problems which confronts us all in this world is the extent to which we are called upon to sacrifice the aims and objects of life in pursuit of ideals which may probably conflict

with their attainment. Can we attain these ideals and yet pursue the path which is marked out for us? If not, one or other will have to be sacrificed to a greater or lesser extent. The most fortunate are those who can pursue their ideals in life unhampered by worldly considerations; but these are the very few. For the rest, a choice has to be made which in most cases will involve the acceptance of a second best. Those who have served their day and generation best have been willing to recognize the limitations under which they were born and are called upon to work. Surely each must judge for himself, and act as near as may be according to the dictates of his own conscience.

A matter of some interest has been drawn attention to by a correspondent of the *Daily Express* who sent up to the Editor an extract from a Bristol paper published on January 24, 1859, which recorded a report current in Berlin at that date that the White Lady had appeared once more in the Royal Palace. The narration given by the paper proceeds as follows:—

A lady of honour of the Princess Frederick Charles, Mlle. de Galtz, and her sister are said to have been the first who saw her apparition.

The White Lady's appearance generally announces the death of a reigning prince, but on this occasion another signification is given to it. The interest of the Berlin public is now directed towards an expected increase in the number of the royal family, and moreover, the present rumour is founded on a very particular case.

There is living in Berlin a man named John, who enjoys great popularity and who occupies himself with prophecies and predictions. He is now in prison for having foretold the birth of a prince accompanied by disasters. People think that the prediction of John and the appearance of the White Lady are connected with each other, and many feel anxious as to what may happen.

The interest of this quotation, of course, lies in the fact that the ex-Kaiser was born on the following January 27. The juxtaposition of the appearance of the White Lady preceding this birth, and the simultaneous imprisonment of the Berlin prophet for predicting the birth of a prince whose reign would lead to disaster, is not a little remarkable. The record of this prediction appearing before the Kaiser's birth obviously cannot be classed among the numerous post-war prophecies which have fallen into some discredit.

The year 1918 saw the passing of three energetic and fearless champions of Spiritualism, the Rev. Arthur Chambers, Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore, and lastly Major-General Sir Alfred



E. Turner, K.C.B., who died in November in his seventy-seventh year, at his residence, Carlyle House, Chelsea Embankment, the scene of so much gracious old-world hospitality. Sir Alfred was born in London, of a family of Tories, Churchmen and scholars, of which he remarked with pardonable pride : " Three Wranglers in two generations, and one a Senior, is no mean record. . . . The last-named, Rev. Joseph Turner, D.D., was Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke Hall, where he was instructor of William Pitt, as mentioned by Lord Rosebery in his *Life of Pitt*." Many were the private séances held at Carlyle House during the last twenty years, chiefly with those veteran psychics, Charles Williams and Cecil Husk, whose retirement from " active service," in both cases owing to ill-health, Sir Alfred never ceased to deplore. He had a great dislike for " promiscuous circles," but nothing could exceed the keenness and sympathy with which he pursued his favourite quest, and many of us feel that a fascinating chapter has been closed by the passing of this charming and kindly personality. In 1860 he entered the Royal Artillery as a junior officer. He published his Recollections in 1912 under the title *Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life*, giving graphic accounts of his manifold experiences in Ireland, first with Lord Spencer, 1882-4, then in 1886 at the time of the first Home Rule Bill, and onward, and afterwards in the Soudan Campaign when he went out with the Gordon Expedition. In the concluding chapter of his book he thus makes his simple confession of faith :—

I have been a serious spiritualist for many years, and, if space allowed I could write a long chapter upon my psychic experiences. I will just give one.

I was intimately acquainted with a late Lord Mayor. One day I was walking along the Royal Hospital Road, opposite the Old Cemetery. I saw my friend on the other side of the road, coming from an opposite direction. I crossed the road to greet him, but to my surprise he took no notice but went on. I turned to watch him, but he had vanished. At that same hour he had died abroad.

A lady contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW sends me two interesting records of a psychical character, one from Mesopotamia, and the other relating to an apparition of her own brother who died from pneumonia while at home on leave from France. There have been so many records of psychic incidents in connection with the present war that it seems a pity that some one should not take upon himself to make a collection of war ghost-stories. Perhaps one of my readers who has

more time at his disposal than the Editor will be inclined to take the hint. The records run as follows:—

The following story comes to me in a letter from a flying officer in Mesopotamia, who vouches for its accuracy. I think it best to recount it in his actual words, only leaving out names of officers and places, which, however, I am giving to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, and which he would doubtless furnish to any one who might be interested sufficiently to inquire.

“A training Squadron at —— had several casualties, and one night a ghost in flying kit appeared at the end of a man’s bed, and obviously wanted to say something. The man in bed couldn’t speak, and after the apparition he got up and refused to sleep in the hut again.

“The O.C. thought it was nerves, and sent the fellow away on leave, and no one slept in the hut. One night a new arrival appeared, and was put in the hut, and the same thing happened. The O.C. got annoyed, and sent a very materialistic man to occupy the hut, and nothing happened for five nights. Then it happened again, and the O.C.—a man named ——, a very sound, hard man—took the hut for himself, and for three weeks all was well. Then he saw the form exactly as the others had seen it, and he too was unable to speak, and was half suffocated when it went away. He declared there and then that whatever happened he must report it, though he knew what would be the result of reporting a ghost-tale officially. However, he couldn’t rest, and reported it all, and of course was removed and given a smaller job at another place.”

Here the narrative ends, and one is left wondering whether, with the advent of the armistice, the Squadron ghost is now at rest!

In conclusion, I would like to relate another strange experience that happened in my own family.

I have recently had the misfortune to lose a brother—an officer who died from pneumonia while home on leave from France. He died at 2.45 a.m., and exactly at that hour his nephew (the eldest son of his half-brother, to be accurate) woke, and distinctly saw a figure in khaki standing at the foot of his bed. He rose and struck a light, but by then the form had vanished. Why my brother should have appeared to this relation is somewhat difficult to understand, for, while the two were quite good friends, there was no particular bond between them. Could an explanation be deduced from the fact that a baby daughter was born in the nephew’s house four hours before my brother died? Also that, at the very hour the baby arrived my brother almost jumped out of bed in delirium, exclaiming “I must go! I must go if it kills me.” It seems vaguely to me that the two events may have been connected, though how I cannot conjecture. I only know that Birth and Death are great twin mysteries, and beyond our fathoming.

H. M. T

The regular dispatch of catalogues by William Rider & Son, Ltd., having been interfered with owing to war difficulties, I should be greatly obliged to readers of this magazine if any who wish to receive catalogues of the firm’s publications as and when published would send on their names and addresses to be entered on a new and up-to-date list.





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